Private Appointment

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Private Appointment

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will witnesses something private when Hannibal assumes he isn't coming to his appointment.

NOTE: This fic is from a prompt and I couldn't decide which direction to take this in, so I have written two versions. They diverge part way through and Will's reaction and subsequent actions differ in the two versions. I will be posting version two as a second chapter next week.

Version One

Hannibal walked his patient out to the reception area and said his goodbyes before turning to the flashing light on the phone. Moments like this, when trying to run a business, were the only times he missed having a secretary. He enjoyed the solitude of his own company between patients and despised the need to make another feel welcome and part of a team, even if he was exceptionally good at it.

But not having a secretary meant that his calls were forwarded to the landline during sessions and messages were left.

Two this time, Hannibal noted before pressing play.

“Good evening, Doctor Lecter. This is Brett Stevens, I’ve had a business trip unexpectedly come up next week so I won’t be able to attend on Monday. Apologies for any

inconvenience. I'll see you the following Monday at the usual time."

Hannibal hummed and pursed his lips, only a minor inconvenience and plenty of notice - he would make a note in the diary.

Pressing play on the second message there at first was only rustling and then finally a muffled "god damn it."

Hannibal blinked and his lips quirked into a smile as he recognised Will Graham's gruff voice. As the message continued, Hannibal looked at the clock on the wall - Will's appointment was due to take place in ten minutes.

"Hi, Doctor Lecter? Sorry, trying to…" there was more rustling and then finally the sound was crisp. "I've broken down. Just trying to fix this-" there was a clunk and then expletives. "Probably best we resched--"

The message ended abruptly and Hannibal looked at the blinking light on the messages, asking him whether he wanted to play them again. So much for his twenty-four hour cancellation policy.

He understood though, that these things happened. Will could hardly be held responsible for the failings of his car. Even so, there was a spark of anger nestled in Hannibal's chest that he would never let spread to the surface.

Not directed at Will, but at the car, at anything else that played a part in keeping Will Graham from him.

He wandered slowly back into his office, suddenly overwhelmed by the emptiness of it in a way he never had been before. What had previously felt luxurious, now felt cavernous. Empty.

It wasn't just the disappointment, but also the change in routine. Hannibal was easily adaptable, even if others saw him as a creature of habit, he could happily adjust to all circumstances. He would be a failure in many aspects of his life if this wasn't the case. A change in routine generally wasn't something to cause upset.

But if nothing else, Hannibal was a hedonist. He disliked changes to routines that brought him pleasure, as Will's appointments did.

And not just the appointments.

He always saw Will at the end of the day, not just to suit Will's schedule like a polite and accommodating man. It was as much, if not more so, for his own reasons. Firstly, having no patients after Will allowed their sessions, as they often did, to run over. He could spend more time digging around in that wonderful mind, pulling at strings and watching the fruition of ideas. And secondly, it allowed Hannibal to savour the sight and sounds of the man, to feed his not insignificant infatuation and have it fresh in his mind when he went home to bed and fantasised about Will whilst bringing himself to pleasure one way or another.

Hannibal took a seat at his desk and turned to Monday in his diary, crossing out the appointment for Mr Stevens, before turning it back to today and looking at Will's name on the page. He drummed his fingers on the book.

The obvious thing to do was to go home. He could pack up and turn off the lights and leave early for the evening. And then, perhaps in bed or in the shower, he could resume his regular activities and imagine Will's mouth on him.

The thought of that brought a warm feeling to Hannibal's stomach that radiated down to his crotch. His cock twitched in anticipation, plumping a little.

He hummed, thoughtful now as he stroked a finger over Will's name as easily as he might stroke it over his lips.

A further thought - an image of something he had fantasised often - Will Graham's mouth stretched around his cock as he knelt between Hannibal's legs.

He was almost fully hard. He looked up at the clock and noted that Will would have been due now, but he otherwise had no reason to linger. He could go home or he could relieve himself in the privacy of his office.

A smile played over his lips at the thought. His desire for cleanliness could easily be traced back to his desire not to leave trace DNA. But his home, his office, these were places that his DNA would always rightfully be, and it was *his* office. No need to be shy.

And the fact was Hannibal, now fully hard and pressing against his zipper, wasn't one for unintentionally delayed gratification. He might not have an hour or more of conversing with the most intelligent person he had ever met, to stoke his desire. But just the thought of it was enough to get his blood pumping, and why should he wait until he got home?

Hannibal pushed his chair back from his desk a little and reached down to palm himself through his pants. He kept the finger caressing Will's name, imagining that finger dipping into his mouth, as he strained against his hand.

He allowed this for a few minutes, teasing himself as he closed his eyes, bringing to life his mind palace and the possibilities there-in.

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When Will got to Hannibal's office he found the door slightly ajar, as though not closed by the last person through it. He looked at his watch. He was ten minutes late. Maybe Hannibal had left? Though he was sure the doctor was too fastidious to have not locked up properly behind him. Perhaps someone else who rented in this building, or a patient, but not Hannibal, Will was sure.

And he was sure. They hadn't known each other long, and yet Will felt like he knew Hannibal so well already, and that - surprisingly - was mutual. Will had started to let him in.

That though came with a slight thud in his chest. One that he ignored, along with the reason why he had driven just within the speed limit to get here once he had fixed his car. He could have just gone home and rescheduled.

He should have just gone home…

Will closed the door securely behind him and started along to Hannibal's office, quietly letting himself into the reception area. It was possible that Hannibal might be making calls, or have made other arrangements since he was late.

In fact, through the closed door to Hannibal's office, he could hear some noise. Muffled talking. Likely that Hannibal was on the phone after all. Will wondered if he should wait or just leave and reschedule, unsure which Hannibal would find the least rude.

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Hannibal moaned as he lost himself to the fantasy.

Will on his knees, his hands gripping Hannibal's thighs as he bobbed on his cock. His wet and perfect mouth, sloppy with Hannibal's pre-come.

"Will," he gasped, his fingers tangling in Will's hair as he resisted the urge to fuck hard into his mouth.

In the reality of his office, Hannibal's fingers gripped tight to the arm of his chair as he stroked his cock with vigour. Sweeping his thumb over his weeping tip every few strokes, he spread his pre-come down his shaft. Once or twice he stopped to spit into his palm, enjoying the extra wetness as he fantasised about Will's mouth.

"What you do to me. What I want to do to you." Hannibal murmured. "You're such a good boy for me, Will. You take me so well."

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Will's breath caught in his throat, now close enough to the door to make out enough of what Hannibal was saying to catch his own name and some moaning.

Was he? Was Hannibal…

Will swallowed, placing his hands against the door, as though doing so would give him insight into what was truly happening inside, and whether it warranted the stirring in his pants.

After another long, luxuriating moan from within, Will removed his hands and balled his fists. He was a man of action, sometimes rashly so, but this he should stay away from. Not just because he might walk in on something private that he had no right to, but because of where that might lead.

Could it ruin the friendship he felt kindling with this man? Hannibal doesn't abide rudeness and walking in on him masturbating would surely fall in that category.

But if he really was saying Will's name…

Clenching his jaw and flexing his hands a couple of times, Will rubbed his sweaty palms down his pants and then put one back on the door, steadying himself.

He should leave, he knew that.

Instead the hand on his leg travelled to his crotch, palming it for just a moment before the decision was made with very little input from his higher brain.

He quickly pulled his fly open and slid his hand into his pants, leaning heavily against the door and listening to Hannibal's praise and gasps, as he began to stroke himself.

Will was painfully hard within moments, his body already trembling.

He rarely masturbated for pleasure, it was routine and perfunctory. Something his body needed, not his mind. But now, Will's mind was in chaos, thrumming with need.

He closed his eyes and the pendulum moved across his mind's eye. Hannibal getting his garbled message, Hannibal waiting for him, Hannibal touching himself - calling Will's name.

The scene caught up with the present and Will grit his teeth, holding back his own moans as he heard the slick wet sounds from within, the groans and muttered words of encouragement and praise.

"So good for me, Will."

Yes, yes. So good. Hannibal, please-

"Take all of me, good boy."

Will's eyes rolled in pleasure as he worked his cock harder, faster.

He couldn't believe he was doing this, that Hannibal was and in turn he couldn't help himself. He didn't want to deny himself this pleasure, this desire he had been uncertain of and not acted on. And now he could hear the same was true for Hannibal.

"Take my seed," Hannibal groaned and it was all Will could do not to crumble to the ground on his shaky legs.

Instead, when a moment later he heard a deep grunt and a series of gasps over the measured slick sounds, Will came in his fist. He spilled, almost painfully hard even after having done so. Catching the come between his hands and his pants, Will trembled and looked down to make sure he had left no evidence.

He was still shaking with the aftershocks of such an intense orgasm when everything within grew silent. And then there were some shuffling noises, a creak of a chair.

Will sucked in a breath, quickly tucked himself away and let himself out the way he had come in.

*

Sated and cleaned up, Hannibal went about his usual end of day routine. Putting books and notes away, locking cabinets. Checking his diary for the next day.

Mundanity that seemed all the more so for what he had just done. And the ever-present thought since, of having Will in his office. Of repeating that again but together.

The thought was a nice one, and as unlikely as it was, Hannibal stored it away in his mind palace, looking forward to opening the door on that room at some future time.

He turned off the light and left his office, going to the reception desk to check for more messages before collecting his coat to leave. But before he could make the few strides to the desk he became aware of a lingering scent.

With a frown, Hannibal turned. Now standing in the centre of the reception space he sniffed at the air.

The scent of semen and musky male scent that was not his own, was pungent. Someone had heard him, someone had pleasured themselves in response.

He sniffed the air again and there, under it all, the faint scent of cheap aftershave. Something with a ship on the bottle.

Hannibal took in a sharp breath and swallowed.

Version Two

Chapter Summary

Will witnesses something private when Hannibal assumes he isn't coming to his appointment.

Alternate version/ending where Will goes into the office and takes charge!

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Clenching his jaw and flexing his hands a couple of times, Will then rubbed his sweaty palms down his pants and put one on the door handle.

Steadying the door with the other hand, in a method he had used more than once in his years as a cop, Will slowly opened the door.

The air inside felt charged, thick with a masculine musk. Will recalled vividly in that moment the few times in college where he had dallied with other guys. Nothing ever serious. Not that he didn't want to. His upbringing and the introverted front he put on to keep people at a distance, made it hard to get serious.

The thought of something serious terrified Will, as usual. The thought of letting someone close, letting them know him.

But then there was Hannibal.

Will's palms were sweaty as his eyes adjusted to the dimmed lights. His eyes tracked the slick sound of Hannibal's hand, his moans, and then-

"Will," his name came out breathy but then, "such a good boy."

Will stopped breathing. Hannibal's eyes were closed, and Will knew he was intruding, a voyeur - even if he was the apparent star in Hannibal's wank bank.

He couldn't tear his eyes away, flitting instead between the movement of Hannibal's hand and the intense look on his face.

And then Hannibal's nostrils flared, his head jerked slightly in response. His eyes opened.

Hannibal slowed but did not stop his ministrations as they locked eyes.

Even so, there was a question there, or maybe a dare. A sparkle in Hannibal's eyes and the hint of a grin playing across his lips.

What will you do, Will?

What did he want?

He wanted Hannibal, he wanted his mind and his soul and all the parts of him that he had felt connecting to something within himself. He wanted Hannibal on his knees worshipping him. He wanted Hannibal to praise him and adore him.

But before he could let him do that, he needed Hannibal to understand that he wouldn't be a pushover, he wouldn't be a good boy. Not unless Hannibal earned it.

Will licked his lips before finally saying, "don't stop."

*

Hannibal's heart thumped hard in his chest, a sensation that felt like it was echoing around his body.

He couldn't take his eyes off of Will, watching intently as he prowled forward and then stopped in front of the desk, his eyes drifting down increasingly to where Hannibal stroked himself.

"Keep talking," Will said, his tone just short of commanding.

"Will you be a good-"

"No," Will interrupted and shook his head. "Earn my obedience."

Hannibal felt something tight in his chest coil and spring free, a euphoric joy at the confirmation that in Will Graham he truly had met his match. They were a perfect fit, identically different.

Hannibal closed his eyes and drank in the feeling, his hand moving quicker without any intention on his part.

"Tell me what you are seeing," Will demanded, his voice nebulous and floating into Hannibal's thoughts, grounding him.

“You’re on your knees, I’m in your mouth. It’s hot, wet. It’s glorious. You moan around my cock, and I know that, as good as this is, you want more. You want me to fuck you.”

The scent of Will’s awful aftershave was now unmistakably joined by his arousal. A rich, earthy musk that made Hannibal’s mouth water.

“Show me how much you want me.” Will’s voice was low, husky with lust.

Their eyes met once again and for once Will didn’t break that contact, instead holding firm - his eyes not leaving Hannibal’s as Hannibal continued to stroke himself. Harder, quicker, the slick sound of it was vulgar, filling the air around them.

“How often do you come thinking about me, Doctor Lecter?” Will asked.

Hannibal felt a tremor over his skin, hairs on end at the way his name sounded in Will’s mouth.

“Innumerable times,” Hannibal admitted, breathless.

Will gave a slight nod. “After our sessions.”

“Yes.”

“Borders on unprofessionalism. Rude.” Will admonished, his eyes boring into Hannibal’s.

“You have that effect on me.”

“I can see,” Will’s reply was stoic even if the corner of his mouth did twitch ever so slightly.

“Up here,” Will said, pointing to his eyes when Hannibal’s were drawn to Will’s mouth. “I want you to come for me. Will you do that, Hannibal? Will you come? I want to see your face when you do.”

Hannibal had no control over the strangled noise that left him, struggling as he was not to have come already. Now with that command between them, Will’s desire laid bare, Hannibal gave him what he asked.

Throbbing in his hand, Hannibal spilled. Come covered as far up as his chest and they both heard the faint pattering of some landing on the carpet.

As he crested, Hannibal had to break eye contact. Closing his eyes, his head lolled back and his body felt boneless. It was all he could do to stay in the chair as he continued to come, copious amounts spilling over his fist.

Hannibal was panting heavily, his body still shuddering through the aftershocks of the vigorous climax, when he opened his eyes.

Will’s gaze was intense, fierce and so very beautiful.

“Thank you, doctor. I look forward to our next appointment.”

With that, Will turned and left. Leaving Hannibal a dishevelled mess and a man eager to prove himself to Will in any way he could.

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